

The Result of Art

Description is agreement
at the least continuing
true to others.

Difference proves far,
bizarre: no one holds
your bunk either way.

You and I

What would you do?
What would you do?

It's so easy for you
to be theoretically moral.

But what if they confronted you
on *Krystalnacht* with their clubs
and leers, their sneering

"We're smashing up some Jew
businesses and some Jews,
so what do you think? Hey?"

They laugh "We're break
ing open some Kike heads
to watch the *scheiss* run out!

Don't you approve? Aren't you with us?
Herr und Frau UprightCitizen?"

What do you say
and what would you do?

Probably *Oh dear! Must you?*
Desiring hate to be decorous.

And what say afterward?
Hey! *I saved my ass? ...the only
rational thing?* What to your
children? *What choice did I have?*
You can't possibly reason with animals!

*Note their eyes as you mouth it. And
forever remember their eyes!
Forever study the eyes of children.*

Somebody put it bluntly.
Was it Bonhoffer, or Frankl,
or Bettelheim? YOU,

YOU must act!

Morally on the INSTANT!: Hell
of a prescription! But, if you can't

stand up to thugs
then what the fuck
you living for?

You're not a man.
You're not a woman.

What the fuck good are your IDEAS?

Jesus. Francis. Buddah. Mohammed.
John the Baptist, Teresa. King. Ghandi.
John Brown, Susan Anthony. Luther, X, Joan of Arc.
Lincoln. Hauptman. Scores of heros. Scores. Scores.
These but examples! They didn't

perpetually don what we call in America
a shiteating grin. And they sinned.

But what did they say and what
did they do with the vital chips down?

You know fuckin well,
and don't we all?

They	stood	up.
They	spoke	out.

If you believe in God then
God expects such

heroism. (Of course you're afraid.
We all start there.)

*Let me be.
Send up
your chimneys
whatever you wish, did you say?*

I mind my own business?
Go about your own life,
children, would you say?

*Go about it!
Go! Don't seek my eyes.*

In my own I see running.
*Don't seek my eyes,
not now! Yet*

the test
will come
some NOW.

It will come
as does the sun and rain
or evening's trailing rust.

Then what will I define? One must
create a moral self
in order

to deserve
death.